Affidavit – Death of the Cat, Loss of Pets, Loss of Loved Ones (Exhibit XXX) HRTO File 2025-64274-I

Filed without prejudice to further damages claims

I, Brendan S. Rose, of the City of Toronto, SWEAR:

1: In 2016, due to the total lack of income resulting from the respondent Amazon's actions, my cat (the nameless cat), died in my arms in squalid conditions, coughing up saliva, due most likely to the sea of roaches, pests, rodents, and bedbugs, infesting the apartment which was all I could afford. There were roaches crawling through his food. This cat was featured in THE SUBHUMAN by Brendan S. Rose(2010), the book I allege motivated Amazon to begin it's relentless campaign of censorship, silencing, and suppression of my works.
He was a good cat, he didn't deserve to die like that.

2: After he died in 2016, 3 months later I got a kitten named Neko, who was my constant companion over the years. She was with me through everything, she loved me, and I cherished her. In 2022, when i moved to Kingston Road, due in large part to not having enough money for food (I am too unwell to work a traditional job, and it is not compatible with my creed anyway, I have to make art, regardless of what conditions it brings upon me. It has not been an easy life as a result of this, but I cannot just stop, my art is my life, it more important to me than dying) the poverty resulting from the Respondent Amazon and Barnes & Noble's alleged decision to censor and hide/suppress my account, meant that I was starving half to death for months and months, and additionally, did not have bus fare to get to my scheduled injection of Abilify, I asked my uncle for help, but he refused to help in any way, compounding the poverty already imposed on me. Lack of food made me too tired to walk to the injection (an hour and half's walk away) and within a week I was already in psychosis. What followed was a protracted situation where my condition degraded to the point of absolute breakdown, I cut my hand open, likely cutting an artery as it bled for over a week, I tended to the wounds. I made a vast series of artistic works during this time of breakdown, such as THE SERMON OF THE COLLECTING EARS. Neighbors began to complain about the noise, triggering conflicts and fights. Eventually i totaled the apartment, hammer holes everywhere, smashed appliances, smashed windows, a kill list painted in red paint, a smiley face flag painted in red paint,

swastikas drawn all over the apartment, cartoons scribbled
everywhere. Eventually I got so hungry, after 2 or 3 weeks of
eating barely anything besides legumes, which i had to soften
by boiling them for hours, which was usually unsuccessful,
I went to the Tim Hortons for a sandwich, and he either
snotted my food, or I thought he did, in either case,
I ate half the sandwich anyway, walking home, then threw
the other half out on the ground. I had somehow acquired
a giant bottle of baileys, (I should have bought food,
I was nuts, somehow I acquired a little bit of money, I forget how)
and I flew into a rage, eventually recording 5TH AVE, the expletive
laden series of death threats against the man who had done that
to my only food. I showed up at the Tim Hortons, armed, ready
to kill him, but he had a button to lock the door remotely.
I went home, recorded CALL THE COPS, and the next day I
attempted to kill an old woman with a bottle of giant baileys
I threw at her, luckily she was not harmed seriously.
I also tried to hammer down the door of the man who
filed the complaints against me. Then returned to my
apartment. Refusing police entry into my apartment,
they eventually had to cut my door open. Where they
found me naked, sitting in the Lotus position. I
was taken into custody and brough to Scarborough
Centenary Hospital. My cat Neko was put in the pound,
where my wife luckily picked her up, and gave her
to a friend. I loved that cat more than anything,
my final thoughts were a fear that a routine bug spraying
was going to poison my cat and kill her, I chose this
over letting that happen, the song DED ENEMY, was
about Neko. This is the result of the financial abuse
that has been piled upon me by corporations like Amazon,
Barnes & Noble, Google, and others, denying me the ability
to make a living in a creed compatible way, this is the result
of that abuse. The problem was primarily financial, a good meal
and a smoke would have solved most of this, bus fare would
have prevented the entire affair. That condo was supposed to
sustain me for the rest of my life, instead it was sold,
never to be replaced. This was the result of the respondents'
actions to censor an "offensive" person, a term I have grown
to shiver at.

3: My Dog Loki was forced by my uncle
to be disposed of before moving into the Condo.
We lived in hellish conditions for 2 years.
I would not have lost him if I had had my own
source of income. The loss of Loki significantly
contributed to the misery resulting in point 2.

4: My Cat Tequila was forced by my uncle
to be disposed of before moving into the Condo.
We lived in hellish conditions for 2 years.
I would not have lost her if I had had my own
source of income. The loss of Tequila significantly
contributed to the misery resulting in point 2.

5: In 2021 June or July, my wife left during a violent
altercation where she tried to attack me with a plank
of wood by attempting to break down the door to my
2nd floor study, this fight was primarily about money,
my lack of a job, my lack of income. We would not have
had that fight if the Respondents' alleged actions
had not imposed potentially lethal levels of poverty
on me over a period of 14 years, 17 if google is
accounted for. It would be more but in the last
two years ODSP has increased a bit, and my uncle
has been more generous. I would still have a wife
if they had not done that.

6: My was pregnant when she left, I have never met my
son, I would still be living with him if the Respondents'
alleged actions had not caused this catastrophe.

7: This is the consequence of censorship.
This is what happens to a person when you disappear them
out of existence, due to offense.

Making my artwork is the only thing I have left now,
It is the only good thing in my life. I am not doing this
because I am too lazy to work, I am doing it because I am
compelled to make artwork, no matter what the situation,
even if it may result in my death. I am ideologically
and spiritually required to make art, I have no choice,
it is religious devotional. It is more important to me
than anything, so when my work is hidden, because it
is challenging, and controversial, which all good art is,
it stings me as particularly repugnant. I have devoting
my life to making art, it is my religion, a corporation
driven by profit motive, should not be able to hide or silence

that.

I swear what I have just said is true.

Brendan Rose

SWORN REMOTELY by Brendan Rose stated as being located in the City of Toronto, ON., before me at the City of Toronto this 5th Day of December, 2025 in accordance with O. Reg 431/20, Administering Oath or Declaration Remotely.

A Commissioner for Taking Affidavits, etc.

Vinh The Tran, Esq.
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